I'm an oversexed
well-hung
Black Queen
influenced
by phrases like
"the repetition
of beauty."

And you want me to sing
"We Shall Overcome"?
Do you daddy daddy
do you want me to coo
for your approval?
Do you want me
to squeeze my lips together
and suck you in?
Will I be a "brother" then?

I'm an oversexed
well-hung
Black Queen
influenced
by phrases like
"I am the love that dare not
speak its name."

And you want me to sing
"We Shall Overcome"?
Do you daddy daddy
do you want me to coo
for your approval?
Do you want me
to open my hole
and pull you in?
Will I be "visible" then?

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I'm an oversexed
well-hung
Black Queen
influenced
by phrases like
"Silence = death."

Dearly Beloved,
my flesh like all flesh
will be served
at the feast of worms.
I am looking
for signs of God
as I sodomize my prayers.
I move in and out of love
and pursuits of liberty,
spoon-fed on hypocrisy.
I throw up gasoline
and rubber bullets,
an environmental reflex.
Shackled to shimmy and sham,
I jam the freeway
with my vertigo. I return
to the beginning, to the opening of time
and wounds. I dance
in the searchlight
of a police cruiser.
I know I don't live *here* anymore
but I remain in this body
to witness.

I have been in the bathroom weeping
as silently as I could.
I don't want to alarm
the other young men.
It wasn't always this way.